[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

good. I may have been mistaken; I hope I was. I hope she is good, and true, and womanly, and if she is, and you love her her birth is of no consequence, none whatever. God bless you, my child, and her, too!"

She never spoke again, and when the early summer morning looked into the room, there was only a still, motionless figure on the bed, with pale hands folded upon the bosom, and the pillow strewn with flowers, which Rosamond had put there. Rosamond thought of everything; first of the dead, then of the stern Judge, who broke down entirely by the side of his lost Mary, and then of Everard, who seemed like one stunned by a heavy blow. With the constantly increasing pain in his head, blinding him even more than the tears he shed, he wrote to Josephine:

"Oh, Josey, you will be sorry for me when I tell you mother is dead. She died this morning at three o'clock, and I am heart-broken. She was all the world to me. What shall I do without my mother?"

He posted the letter himself, and then kept his room, and for the most part his bed, until the day of the funeral, when, hardly knowing what he was doing, or realizing what was passing around him, he stood by his mother's grave, saw the coffin lowered into it, heard the earth rattling down upon it, and had a strange sensation of wonder as to whom they were burying, and who he was himself. That puzzled him the most, except, indeed, the question as to where the son was, the young man from Amherst College, who drove such fast horses, and smoked so many cigars, and sometimes bet at cards. "He ought to be hear seeing to this," he thought; and then, as a twinge of pain shot through his temple, he moaned faintly, and went back to the carriage, in which he was driven rapidly home.

There was a letter from Josephine in his room, which had come while he was at his mother's grave. He recognized the handwriting at once, and with a feeling as if some thing was clutching his throat and impeding his breath, he took it up, and opening it read his first letter from his wife.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPHINE.

Immediately after Everard's departure she wrote to the postmaster at Clarence, making inquiries for Dr. Matthewson, and in due time received an answer addressed to the fictitious name which she had given. There had been a clergyman in town by that name, the postmaster wrote, but he had been dismissed for various misdemeanors. However, a marriage performed by him, with the knowledge and consent of the parties, would undoubtedly be binding on such parties. Latterly he had taken to the study of medicine, and assumed the title of "Doctor."

There could be no mistake, and the harrowing doubt which had so weighed on Josephine's spirits gave way as she read this answer to her letter. She was Mrs. James Everard Forrest, and she wrote the name many times on slips of paper which she tore up and threw upon the floor. Then, summoning Agnes from the kitchen, she bade her arrange her hair, for there was a concert in the Hall that night, and she was going. Always meek and submissive, Agnes obeyed, and brushed and curled the beautiful golden hair, and helped to array her sister in the pretty blue muslin, and clasped about her neck and arms the heavy bracelets and chain which had been so criticised and condemned at the Forrest House. They were not quite as bright now as when the young lady first bought them at Pittsfield. Their lustre was somewhat tarnished, and Josephine knew it, and felt a qualm of disgust every time she looked at them. She knew the difference between the real and the sham quite as well as Beatrice herself, and by and by, when she was established in her rightful position as Mrs. Everard Forrest, she meant to indulge to the full her fondness for dress, and make amends for the straits to which she had been all her life subjected.

"She would make old Forrest's money fly, only let her have a chance," she said to Agnes, to whom she was repeating the contents of the letter just received from Clarence.

"Then it's true, and you are his wife?" Agnes said, her voice indicative of anything but pleasure.

This, Josephine was quick to detect, and she answered sharply:

"His wife? yes. Have you any objection? One would suppose by your manner that you were sorry for Everard."

"And so I am," Agnes answered boldly. "I don't believe he knew what he was doing. It's a pity for him, he is so young, and we so different."

"So different, Agnes? I wish you wouldn't forever harp on that string. As if I were not quite as good as a Forrest or any other aristocrat. Can't you ever forget your Irish blood? It does not follow because the poor people in Ireland and England lie down and let the nobility walk over them, that we do it in America, where it does sometimes happen that the daughter of a butcher and a cook may marry into a family above her level."

"Yes, I know all that," Agnes said. "Praised be Heaven for America, where everybody who has it in him can rise if he will; and yet, there's a difference here, just as much and more, I sometimes think, for to be somebody you must have it in you. I can't explain, but I know what I mean, and so do you."

"Yes, I do," Josephine replied, angrily. "You mean that I have not the requisite qualifications to make me acceptable at the Forrest House; that my fine lady from Boston would be greatly shocked to know that the mother of her daughter-in-law once cooked her dinner and washed her clothes."

"No, not for that, not for birth or poverty," Agnes said, eagerly, "but because you are,—you are——"

"Well what?" Josephine demanded, impatiently, and Agnes replied:

"You are what you are."

"And pray what am I?" Josephine retorted. "I was Miss Josephine Fleming, daughter of Mrs. Roxie Fleming, who used to work for the Bigelows of Boston, till she married an Irish butcher, who was shabby enough to die and leave her to shift for herself, which she did by taking boarders. That's what I was. Now, I am Mrs. James Everard Forrest, with a long line of blue-blooded Southern ancestry, to say nothing of the bluer Bigelows of Boston. That's who I am; so please button my boots, and bring me my shawl and fan; it's high time I was off."

Agnes obeyed, and buttoned the boots, and put a bit of blacking on the toe where the leather was turning red, and brought the fleecy shawl and wrapped it carefully around her sister, who looked exceedingly graceful and pretty, and bore herself like a princess as she entered the hall, and took one of the most conspicuous seats. How she wished the people could know the honor to which she had come; and when, to the question as to who she was, asked by a stranger behind her she heard the reply, "Oh, that's Joe Fleming; her mother keeps boarders," she longed to shriek out her new name, and announce herself as Mrs. James Everard Forrest. But it was policy to keep silent, and she was content to bide her time, and anticipate what she would do in the future when her marriage was announced. Of Everard himself she thought a great deal, but she thought more of his position and wealth than she did of him. And yet she was very anxious to hear from him, and when his letter came she tore it open eagerly, while a bright flush colored her cheek when she saw the words, "My dear little wife," and her heart was very light when she read the brief letter,—so light, in fact, that it felt no throb of pity for the sick and dying mother. Josey had heard from her mother of the aristocratic Miss Bigelow, at whose grand wedding governors and senators had been present, and she shrank from this high-born woman, who might weigh her in the balance and find her sadly wanting. So she felt no sympathy with Everard's touching inquiry, "What shall I do without my mother?" He would do very well, indeed, she thought, and as for herself, she would rather reign alone at Forrest House than share her kingdom with another. How she chafed and fretted that she could not begin her triumph at once, but must wait two years at least and be known as Josephine Fleming, who held her position in Holburton only with her pretty face and determined will. But there was no help for it, and, for the present, she must be content with the knowledge that Everard was hers, and that by and by his money would be hers also. To do her justice, however, she was just now a good deal in love with her young husband, and thought of him almost as often as of his money, though that was a very weighty consideration, and when her mother suggested that there was no reason why she should not, to a certain degree, be supported by her husband, even if she did not take his name, she endorsed the suggestion heartily, and the letter she wrote to Everard, in reply to his, contained a request for money.

The letter was as follows:

HOLBURTON, July —.

"DEAR EVERARD:—I was so glad to get your letter, and oh, my darling, how sorrowful I am to hear of your dear mother's dangerous illness. I trust it is not as bad as you feared, and hope she may recover. I know I should love her, and I mean to try to be what I think she would wish your wife to be. I am anxious to know if you told her, and what she said.

"I have written to Clarence, as Dr. Matthewson bade me do, and find that he really was a clergyman; so there can be no mistake about the marriage, and if you do not regret it I certainly do not, only it is kind of forlorn to know you have a husband and still live apart from him, and be denied the privilege of his name. It is for the best, however, and I am content to wait your pleasure. And, now, my dear husband, don't think meanly of me, will you, and accuse me of being mercenary. You would not if you knew the straits we are driven to in order to meet our expenses. Now that I am your wife I wish to take lessons in music and French, so as to fit myself for the position I hope one day to fill in your family. You must not be ashamed of me, and you shall not, if I only have the means with which to improve my mind. If you can manage to send me fifty dollars I shall make the best possible use of it. You do not know how I hate to ask you so soon, but I feel that I must in order to carry out my plans for improvement.

"And now, my darling husband, I put both my arms around your neck and kiss you many, many times, and ask you not to be angry with me, but write to me soon, and send the money, if possible.

"Truly, lovingly, faithfully, your wife,
JOE."

"I haven't told more than three falsehoods. Josey said to herself, as she read the letter over. "I said I hoped his mother would recover, and that I knew I should love her, and that I wanted the money to pay for music and French, when, in fact, I want more a silk dress in two shades of brown. And he will send it, too. He'll manage to get it from his father or mother, and I may as well drop in at Burt's and look at the silk this afternoon, in my way to post this letter."

She did drop in at Burt's and looked at the silk, and saw another piece more desirable every way, and fifty cents more a yard. And from looking she grew to coveting, and was sorry that she had not asked for seventy-five instead of fifty dollars, as the one would be as likely to be forthcoming as the other. Once she thought to open her letter and add P. S. to it, but finally decided to wait and write again for the extra twenty-five. The merchant would reserve the silk for her a week or more, he said, and picturing to herself how she should look in the two shades of brown, Josey tripped off to the post office, where she deposited the letter which Everard found upon his table on his return from his mother's grave. It was the silk which in Josey's mind was the most desirable, but the music and the French must be had as well, and so she called upon a Mrs. Herring, who gave music lessons in the town, and proposed that she should have two lessons a week, with the use of the piano, and as compensation the lady's washing, and that of her little girl, should be done by sister Agnes, who was represented as the investigator of the plan. As the arrangement was better for the lady than for Josey, the bargain was closed at once, and Mrs. J. E. Forrest took her first lesson that very afternoon, showing such an aptitude and eagerness to learn that her teacher assured her of quick and brilliant success as a performer. The French was managed in much the same way, and paid for in plain sewing, which Josey, who was handy and neat with her needle, undertook herself, instead of putting it upon her Mother or poor Agnes, who, on Monday following, saw, with dismay, the basket piled high with extra linen, which she was to wash and iron. There was a weary sight from the heavily-burdened woman, and then she took up this added task without a single protest, and scrubbed, and toiled, and sweat, that Josey might have the accomplishments which were to fit her to be mistress of the Forrest House.

Every day Josey passed the shop window at Burt's and stopped to admire the silk, and at last fell into the trap laid for her by the scheming merchant, who told her that three other ladies had been looking at it with a view to purchase, and she'd better decide to take it at once if she really wanted it; so she took it, and wrote to Everard that night, asking why he did not send the fifty dollars, and asking him to increase it with twenty-five more.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERARD.

He was so giddy, and sick, and faint, when he returned to the house from his mother's grave, that he had scarcely strength to reach his room, where the first object that caught his eye was Josephine's letter upon the table. Very eagerly he caught it up, and breaking the seal, began to read it, his pulse quickening and his heart beating rapidly as he thought, "She would be sorry for me if she knew."

He was so heart-sore and wretched in his bereavement, and he wanted the sympathy of some one,—wanted to be petted, as his mother had always petted him in all his griefs, and as she would never pet him again. She was dead, and his heart went out with a great yearning after his young wife, as the proper person to comfort and soothe him now. Had she been there he would have declared her his in the face of all the world, and laying his aching head in her lap would have sobbed out his sorrow. But she was far away, and he was reading her letter, which did not give him much satisfaction from the very first. There was an eagerness to assure him that the marriage was valid, and he was glad, of course, that it was so, and could not blame her for chafing against the secrecy which they must for a time maintain; but what was the request for fifty dollars,—this that she had a right to ask support from him? In all his dread of the evils involved in a secret marriage he had never dreamed that she would ask him so soon for fifty dollars, when he had not five in the world, and but for Rosamond's generous forethought in sending him the ten he would have been obliged to borrow to get home. Fifty dollars it seemed to the young man like a fabulous sum, which he could never procure. For how was he to do it? He had told his father distinctly that he was free from debt, that he did not owe a dollar, and if he should go to him now with a request for fifty dollars what would he say? It made Everard shiver just to think of confronting his stern father with that demand. The thing was impossible. "I can't do it," he said; and then, in despair, it occurred to him that Josey had no right to make this demand upon him so soon: she might have known he could only meet it by asking his father, which was sure to bring a fearful storm about his head. It was not modest, it was not nice in her, it was not womanly; Bee would never have done it, Rossie would never have done it; but they were different—and there came back to him the remembrance of what his mother had said, and with it a great horror lest Josephine might really lack that innate refinement which marks a true lady. But he would not be disloyal to her even in thought; she was his wife, and she had a right to look to him for support when she could have nothing else. She could not take his name, she could not have his society, and he was a brute to feel annoyed because she asked him for money with which to fit herself for his wife. "She is to be commended for it," he thought. "I wish her to be accomplished when I present her to Bee, who is such a splendid performer, and jabbers French like a native. Oh, if I had the money," he continued, feeling as by a revelation that Josephine would never cease her importuning until she had what she wanted.

But how should he get it? Could he work at something and earn it, or could he sell his watch, his mother's gift when he was eighteen?

"No, not that; I can't part with that," he groaned; and then he remembered his best suit of clothes, which had cost nearly a hundred dollars, and a great many hard words from his father. He could sell these in Cincinnati; he had just money enough to go there and back, and he would do it the next day, and make some excuse for taking a valise, and no one need be the wiser. That was the very best thing he could do, and comforted with this decision, he crept shivering to bed just as the clock was striking the hour of eleven.

Breakfast waited a long time for him the next morning, and when she saw how impatient the Judge was growing, Rosamond went to the door and knocked loudly upon it, but received no answer, except a faint sound like a moan of pain, which frightened her, and sent her at once to the Judge, who went himself to his son's room. Everard was not asleep, nor did he look as if he had ever slept, with his blood-shot, wide-open eyes rolling restlessly in his head, which moved from side to side as if in great distress. He did not know his father; he did not know anybody; and said that he was not sick, when the doctor came, and he would not be blistered and he wouldn't be bled; he must get up and have his clothes—his best ones—and he made Rossie bring them to him and fold them up and put them in his satchel, which he kept upon his bed all during the two weeks when he lay raving with delirium and burning with fever induced by the cut on his head and aggravated by the bleeding and blistering which he had without stint. Rossie was the nurse who staid constantly with him and who alone could quiet him when he was determined to get up and sell his clothes. This was the burden of his talk.

"I must sell them and get the money," he would say,—but, with a singular kind of cunning common to crazy people, he never said money before his father. It was only to Rosamond that he talked of that, and once, when she sat alone with him, he said:

"Don't let the governor know, for your life."

"No, I won't; you can trust me," she replied; then while she bathed his throbbing head, she asked: "Why do you want the money, Mr. Everard? What will you do with it?"

"Send it to Joe," he said. "Do you know Joe?"

Rossie didn't know Joe, and she innocently asked:

"Who is he?"

"Who is he?" Everard repeated: "ha, ha! that's a good joke. He;—Joe would enjoy that; he is a splendid fellow, I tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH STRUGGLE WITH THE LETTER "H."

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

The ill-treatment which the letter *h* receives from a very large proportion of the English people is, of course, known to the most superficial observer of their speech. It is the substance and the point of a standing joke which never loses its zest. Mr. *Punch's* artists, when hard put to it for the subject of a social sketch, can always fall back upon the misfortunes of the aspirate. H in speech is an unmistakable mark of class distinction in English gentleman, as every observant person soon discovers. I remarked upon this to an English gentleman, an officer, who replied, "It's the greatest blessing in the world; a sure protection against cads. You meet a fellow who is well dressed and behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't know exactly what to make of him; but get him talking, and if he trips upon his *h's*, that settles the question. He's a chap you'd better be shy of." Another friend said to me of a London man of wealth, and of such influence as comes from wealth and good nature: "The Governor has lots of sense, and is the best fellow in the world; but he hasn't an *h* to bless himself with." And there seems to be no help for the person who has once acquired this mode of pronunciation. Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits, and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their h's, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat. The number of h's that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the 40,000,000 of people, there cannot be more than 2,000,000 who are capable of a healthy, well-breathed h. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun! If we could send them over a few millions of h's a week, they would supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese.—*Richard Grant White in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Richard Grant White makes a decided mistake in his statement of the English dropping the "h" in their conversation. He takes it for granted that when the "h" is dropped, it is forever lost beyond redemption; and they scarcely use that neglected letter. The truth is, the letter "h" is used by the English far more than it is by the Americans. When an Englishman drops the letter "h" from it proper place, he more than makes up its loss by placing it where it does not belong, preceding every word beginning with a vowel. To illustrate—"Hingland" for England, "hend" for end, "hoat" for oat, "harm" for arm, "huncle" for uncle and so on. So, in addition to the loss of the letter "h" in its proper place, John Bull mangles his language still more by putting it where it does not belong. An American in London wishing to go to the High Holborn, will say to a cabman, "take me to High Holborn, or 'Igh 'Oborn as you call it." An American gentleman coming across the ocean, was seated at the head of the table with the captain and a member of Parliament. The conversation turned on the subject of the respective peculiarities of the Americans and English in their pronunciation, resulting in a little good natured badinage all around. Said the American to the M. P. "Mr. ———, how would an Englishman spell 'saloon?'" "Why, s-a-l-o-o-n, saloon," said the M. P. "No, you are mistaken." "How would you have him spell it?" replied the surprised son of Albion. "He spells it with a 'hess,' a 'hay,' a 'hell,' two 'hoes' and a 'hen!'"

Mr. Richard Grant White will have to revise his learned disquisition on the subject of the letter "h."

—Kansas has an insurance company which insures buildings against damage by tornadoes. If a whirlwind comes along the company kicks against paying losses.

FOR Rheumatism and Nervousness use Edison's Electric Belts. They act upon the nervous system.

USE Edison's Belts for Female Weakness Thes assist nature to overcome disease.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

(From Portraits in Words in Whitehall Review.)

It was on one of those bright, crisp, cheery, champagny, frosty mornings which are as the perquisites of Canada that I sprang from the steps of the weather door at the Russel House, Ottawa, into a blooming sleigh, all scarlet and gold, and bearskin and buffalo robes, which was in waiting to spin me over to Rideau Hall, distant about two honest miles. How joyously the bells rang out to the keen exhilarating air as we skimmed over the hard snow, past the magnificent twelfth century Gothic Parliament Houses, over the bridge that spans the Ottawa River—the Chaudiere Falls a Dantesque icicle; through the narrow streets with their double windows and thronged by fur-bewrapped pedestrians of both sexes; past piles of lumber stacked for shipping when the ice breaks up; over the Rideau Canal, and out to the wide roadway, ornamented with half a dozen pretentious villas, that leads to the Octagon Gate Lodge of the official residence of the Governor-General!

The Vice-regal domicile is not by any means an imposing dwelling. It is built of grey stone, is low, extends on the left till pulled up by a tennis court, on the right by a dip in the ground. From the portico in front there is an admirable view of the city and river. The house and grounds cost the Government, who purchased them in $1868, £32,400. Since that date £30,000 have been spent in various additions, and £59,000 in repairs. The thirty-five acres of pleasaunce are, I am informed, most artistically laid out, the Ottawa Cricket Club claiming an excellent "bit o' velvet"; but on the occasion of my visit the hills and hollows, the flower borders and pathways were all "enshrouded in seamless snow."

My sleigh skimmed beneath the protection of the *porte-cochere*, and a stalwart sergeant, attired in the scarlet of the local militia, flung wide the portal the instant the sleigh bells ceased to jaugle. A sentry stood in the hall. In summer he treads his lonely round on the weather side of the door. Passing through a large hall fitted up in oak, with high oaken dadoes and russet stamped paper, and ascending four or five steps, I found myself in a second hall, to be confronted by a superb photographic likeness of our beloved Queen and a bronze bust, life-size, of the Marquis of Lorne, the latter executed by Miss Montalba during her visit of last summer to the Viceregal residence.

In a cosy, chintzy room, with a bright fire crackling in an English grate, sat Major de Winton, R. A., the private Secretary; before him the invitatien list, which he was engaged in pruning for the forthcoming season, cutting away the useless timber and engrafting healthy and thriving buds.

"Come along," said the Major, "the Governor-General will be very pleased indeed to see you."

Let me say for the gallant Major that he has a charming little lodge all to himself within bow-shot of the hall, that he likes his appointment, that he finds Ottawa very endurable, and that he is the best curler in the Dominion, bar one, that being his Excellency the Governor-General.

The Marquis of Lorne was using the goose-quill at a cabinet desk close to a great double glazed window as I made my *salaam*. He sprang to his feet, disarranging a buffalo robe enshrining his legs, as he advanced to meet me, and his cheery "Welcome to Canada!" still rings gratefully on my ears. I had not encountered the Marquis since I beheld him in the Lobby at St. Stephen's, when he and Lord Beaconsfield and Lord George Hamilton were in the closest of close confabs, possibly anent the Governor-Generalship; as he stood before me now in the bright, also fierce Canadian light, he seemed the very embodiment of health and strength, and as if plucking up a young pine-tree by the roots or wrestling with a "grizzly" formed part and parcel of the routine of his daily official duties.

The Governor-General's *sanctum* is a cheery apartment lighted by two windows. A narrow door close to the desk gives access to the private working-room and *atelier* of the Princess Louise. Portraits of the late Duchess of Argyll and the splendid Duchess of Sutherland adorn either side of the mirror. On the mantelpiece were two photographs of the Princess Louise, one representing her Royal Highness in her wedding dress. A wondrous piece of Gobelins tapestry hangs on the southern wall. His Excellency's ink-bottle is constructed from the hoof of the charger that carried Lord Clyde through the Crimean war. The portraits of his Princess-wife confront the Laird of Lorne as he writes, and between them stands a miniature of our Queen on ivory in a ruby velvet open case. Inverary Castle holds its own on the western wall, and the India-ink drawing of the "Home Coming," done by her Royal Highness, is admirable in its every detail. There are also paintings in oil from the brush of the Royal Lady, displaying masterly execution, Bonnie Scotland being especially favored by the gifted artist. A table in the centre of the room is dedicated to an immense morocco-bound volume, containing the various addresses presented to His Excellency upon assuming the reins of office; while a case of salmon-flies, flanked by boxes of cartridges, tell their own tale of flood and field.

Lord Lorne spoke a good deal upon the subject of the Canadian Academy of Arts, the first exhibition of which will have created its sensation ere these lines reach the readers of the *Whitehall Review*. His Lordship is of opinion that the Academy should stand entirely independent of Government aid, and that it should make its way as did the Royal Academy of England, when Sir Joshua "shifted his trumpet and only took snuff." H. R. H. the Princess is also deeply interested in the project; while the Marquis has offered a medal for the best design in any art application of any Canadian plant, flower, or leaf for manufacturing purposes. The outcome of this prize may lead to Canadian "arrangements," "nocturnes," and 'harmonies" *ad infinitum. Quien sabe?* His Excellency has considerable faith in the undeveloped artistic talent of the Dominion, and if a Millais, a Herkomer, or a Leslie turn up, why all honor to the art leanings of the son of the Maccallum More! After a most delightful chat on a variety of subjects, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," the Marquis led the way to the drawing room, a charmingly proportioned apartment, all dead blues and dead grays. Here is a wealth of costly knick-nacks, and Eldorado of *bric a-brac*. The walls glow with oil paintings and water-colors, the most noticeable a life-size portrait of the Princess Louise in her bridal robes; "A Passage from Elaine,'" by Dore, Tennyson's words, in Dore's writing, underneath; a half-length of Prince Albert, "Inverary Castle," 'Glen Chivia." "Windsor Castle," "Como," and Venice." Passing through the library, upon the floor of which, read for the hands of the binder, I espied *Punch*, cheek by jowl with the *Graphic, Illustrated News*, and the *Whitehall Review*, we entered her Royal Highness boudoir. The first object that strikes the eye upon coming into this blue room is the branch of an apple tree in leaf and fruit, trailed against the pannels of a white door. A closer inspection reveals the "counterfeit presentment," for, in order to kill the dead glaring white, the Princess conceived the happy and æsthetic idea of thus decorating the obnoxious portal. This she has done with her own hand, and the apples are ripe and rosy enough to cause a second fall. A large photograph of her Majesty holds the place of honor, the background being a superb specimens of Gobelins. The *escritoire* of the Princess, with its gorgeous blotter of red and the Royal Arms in gold, is a prominent object, as is also a painting of a brick wall covered with peaches, finished by the Princess just two days before the fire at Inverary Castle. Only think of it, not a single *plaque*, but a conservatory, one great tuft of ferns of the most vivil green, stands on the right hand side of the fire-place and opposite the blazing fire—it was 20 below outside. Withing hand-reach of caressing *fauteuils*, in dainty little frames especially constructed, lay the leading English, French and German newspapers of the latest date, whilst the newest French novel and the last quarterly occupied a gipsy table all to themselves. A portrait of the late Duchess of Kent is conspicuous, together with photographs (with autographs appended) to the Heir of the Throne and his beautiful and interesting wife. Lord Lorne sets great store by three engravings, representing Quebec prior to its storming by Wolfe, picked up by him in St. James's street. The frames, too, are remarkable from the fact that they are constructed from the timbers of a vessel sunk during the assault, and only recovered within the last two months. There is atmosphere of supreme luxurious ease in this *boudoir*—everything is in complete harmony and wears the appearance of being occupied. Evidences of the æsthetic taste of its Royal mistress are everywhere visible, from the dead gold panels and their blood red flowers to the linnets and canaries warbling in quaint and picturesque cages, from choice and elegant literature in many languages to the quantity of woman's work lying on ottomans and lounges and chairs that seem to invite one to press them.

"That's the luncheon gong," merrily exclaimed the Governor-General, adding, as we proceeded to the dining room, "this is a hungry climate."

Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert adorn the walls of the dining-room at either end. The buffets are of black walnut with game subjects in relief; two specimens of Van Goyen overhang sideboards standing in recesses. Stuffed wild ducks shot by the Marquis hang on the centre panels of the sideboards—very fine birds, too. With the cheese came a biscuit-box of silver, shaped like a drum, presented, by permission of the Queen, to the Princess Louise by the soldiers of the 91st Argyleshire Highlanders on the occasion of her marriage.

"I want to let you see how we spin out the winter here," observed his Excellency, when luncheon was over, and, wrapping himself in a blue blankety-hooded coat, lined and bound with scarlet, he strode along the corridor into the hall, where the sentry presented arms, the sergeants saluted, and from thence out into the grounds. "We have a capital curling rink here, and my club, the Vice regal, is able to hold its own against all comers," said he, as we descended a set of wooden steps leading to the curling rink. The rink is situated in a long shed, lighted at either side by windows, when daylight fades, by gas-jets. The floor is of ice, forty-two yards long, as smooth as ice may be, and as level as a billiard-table. The ice is marked at both ends by circles of "sets." The "stones" to be spun along the ice range from fifty six to sixty-two pounds in weight. The walls and roof of the rink at Rideau Hall are painted white, relieved by toboggins, their scarlet cushions breaking the white. The ante-rooms at both ends are fitted up for spectators, who can witness the play in warmth and comfort through plate glass windows. The ante-room through which we passed is fitted up in scarlet, with racks for skates, rubbers and boots. Against the wall is a handsomely framed printed notice, headed "Vice Regal Curling Club of Canada," with a list of members and officers, her Royal Highness the Princess Louise being patroness.

The next object of interest which the Marquis was good enough to draw my attention to was the "toboggin." "And what is a toboggin?" I hear nine-tenths of the fair readers of the *Whitehall Review* exclaim; at least such as have not been blessed with brothers, or cousins, or friends in the Rifles, Artillery, or Line now garrisoning British North America. A toboggin is constructed of a piece of thin, tough wood, about 8 feet long, and twenty inches wide, turned up at one end, which is then kept in position by fastenings of a deer's hide; it is further strengthened by a couple of very light rods, as thick as your finger, running down each side, and by two or three rods crossing them. The bottom is then perfectly smooth, and well adapted to glide lightly over the snow. Upon the toboggin a cushion is placed, and upon the cushion the tobogginist—male—either lies flat upon his chest or assumes a sitting posture, with stiffened knee joints, the feet being firmly pressed against the roll of the prow. A toboggin will hold three persons, but the party usually consists of two, the lady being placed in front, whilst her toboggin steers with his hands or heels. Standing at the height of seventy feet from the ground at Rideau Hall is a wooden structure, inclosed on three sides only, of about four feet square, supported on a frame work of timber. This inclosure is approached by wooden steps, on side of the stairway having a flat board, thoroughly iced, along which the toboggin is trailed by the tobogginist, as he or she ascends to the slippery starting point.

"On New Year's night," observed the Marquis, "when we reached the summit, we had some capital sport here; it was a vivid scene. I had the headlight of a locomotive just here," pointing to its empty frame, "and all along down there were Chinese lanterns." The "down there" meant a strip of snow four feet broad in a wooden groove about a quarter of a mile long, at an angle of forty-five.

His Excellency was gracious enough to offer me a toboggin ride. I glanced down the almost perpendicular slope and prudence whispered "don't," but rashness on the other hand bade me "go on." Seating myself on the toboggin, fixing my hat firmly over my eyes, and clutching the rope with the energy of despair. I awaited the signal that was to send me flying down the incline like an arrow from a bow. The Marquis, having carefully seen to my *pose*, seated himself behind me, his knees pressed close to my shoulder blades, while Dr. Baldwin, surgeon to the Viceroy, held the toboggin in position. "Now!" That was a sensation! seven hundred yards in twenty seconds—I cannot describe it. I have an indistinct recollection of darting through the air, of losing breath and vision, of a feeling, glorious in its intoxication, of skimming along the pure white snow at an indescribably swift pace; then came a slowing, then a spill, and as I dashed the snow from my face his Excellency was laughing at me, and my first toboggin ride was over.

The remainder of my visit was spent in watching a match of curling, the Vice-regal against a local club, in visiting the billiard-room, the tennis-court, and the ball-room. In the latter is a piece of Goblins, one of the largest ever sent forth from the loom, the colors as fresh and vivid as they were two centuries ago. His Excellency was on the eve of starting for Halifax to meet the Princess when I took my leave.

AN AWFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Seizure of Town Property in Dundas.

(From the Standard.)

Last week the execution in the case of Fields against the town was issued by the Sheriff and the bailiff from Hamilton siezed the Town clock, the bell, the new revolving chairs in the Council room, the Mayor's upholstered throne with one caster lost, and the long pine table with carved records of Councillors past and present executed by many different jacknives and penknives. As for the clock the loss will not be irreparable for it has long since ceased to command respect as an indicator of the flight of time. Indeed it is quite improbable that a purchaser will be found, in which case the Sheriff's admirers had better build him a monumental tower and place the old clock on the top of it. The Hall furniture, the fire engine and hose, also the hook and ladder apparatus have been seized, so that after the sale has come off on Monday next, the citizens shall find themselves without the ornamental time piece, the brazen bell, and the other useful articles mentioned in the official inventory. It is little use talking about the N. P. when the town is in the hands of a relentless Sheriff's officer. The claim is $600 for damages to Mr. Fields, $241 for law costs and some $10 for Sheriff's fees. There was some fever lest the Mayor, the Town Council, the Clerk, and the Chief Constable would be included among the sequestrated articles, but the Sheriff, no doubt knowing that the temper of the people would not stand such a strain, or probably refuse the ramson, wisely instructed his subordinates to pass over these dignitaries in the meantime. Things are in an awful state!

A VIOLENT STORM.

Rough Experience of Four Men and Their Teams on the Georgian Bay.

[From the Huntsville Forester.]

On Saturday, 2nd March, Robert Dollar, in charge of three loaded teams, left Midland City for a shanty near Parry Sound. The road lay over the ice on the Georgian Bay. When twenty-eight miles from Midland, near Moose Point, and twenty five miles from their destination, at 2 o'clock p. m., a hurricane of wind and snow caught the party. The horses were blown down, and finding it impossible to proceed, the loaded sleighs were formed into a triangle with the horses inside. The snow and wind was terrific. Mr. Dollar and the three teamsters concluded they could not hold out against the storm, and that if some better shelter could not be obtained the party must perish. The driving snow nearly choked the party. Mr. Dollar believed that an island was not far distant and that if he could reach it the party might be saved. To find the island, Mr. Dollar proceeded alone in the blinding storm, and could see nothing of it as he went his way on his dangerous mission facing the hurricane. Finding he could not proceed, after probably going about 30 rods, he endeavored to return to the sleighs, but found it impossible to find them. He shouted and the men heard him and called loudly to him, and even tried to reach him, but failed. Mr. Dollar never heard them. With an axe driven in the ice he endeavored to prevent himself from being driven before the wind. Completely choked with the driving snow, and further aware that he would perish if long in this position, he could do nothing but allow himself to be driven, knowing if he could endure matters long enough he could reach the north shore. The surface was alternately covered by patches of snow and glare ice. On every one of these glare pieces Mr. D. fell and never could regain his feet until the next snow surface was reached. For twelve miles Mr. Dollar was forced before the wind in this manner until at last, when about exhausted and nearly unconscious, and laboring under the hallucination that he was going down an ice hill until he reached shore at the foot of Bushby Inlet. No house, no fire, no friend was near, but the sight of the woods put new life into him. Passing over burnt rocks and through dry pines, he proceeded about a mile and a half to reach shelter in the thicker woods. A perpendicular friendly rock afforded shelter. With his axe wood was cut, and from his never-failing match-box he lighted a fire and dried his clothes, which were dripping wet. No food of any kind was at hand, but that to Mr. Dollar was a secondary consideration. He stayed all night by the fire and was moderately comfortable. At daylight he started for the teams on the ice, fearing that men and teams had perished. He reached the place where the teams had been, but found that the teamsters had started off. They, however, espied Mr. Dollar coming and returned. They had also passed a fearful night. The men would in turns attach a rope around their body and run out to its full length, so as to keep on the move. If a man got out and was unable to get back, the two men inside the triangle would pull him home. After a feed of frozen bread and pork, Mr. Dollar proceeded on his way and reached his destination that night and returned next day.

THE PLAGUE OF LIFE.

A New York Lady's Record of Servant Maids, Printed in the Herald.

In relation to the "servant question" I would like to send you a few unvarnished facts. I am a young married woman, and have kept house several years. I began, during the first year, to keep a list of my "help," the length of their stay and reasons for discharging them. The perusal of this list may be interesting to some of your readers who have suffered:

No. 1.—Irish woman, about 40 years old; three months; discharged for stealing. She afterward engineered a burglary by which we lost $300 worth of clothing, etc.

No. 2.—English girl; the year; discharged for drunkenness.

No. 3.—Irish; two months; left without an hour's notice to accept a place with a "friend."

No. 4.—Irish; three months. She was above the average. I allowed her to use my sewing machine to make her wedding clothes and assisted her a good deal with them. In return she stole from me a valuable ostrich plume, went out for a walk one hot July day and never came back, leaving me with my own housework to do and a babe to care for.

No. 5.—German; one year; honest but ignorant of even the rudiments of cooking or housework. Discharged finally for stubbornness and insolence.

No. 6.—Colored; two weeks; very dirty, and stole everything she could lay her hands on.

No. 7.—German (No. 5 back again); promised to be good if I would take her back; tried her for nearly a year, and discharged her for insolence. She has since applied to me three times for reinstatement.

No. 8.—A terrible creature; no reference saucy, dirty; informed me that I was not rich enough for her, and that she could not live without eggs, steak, bacon and onions for her lunches. Three days.

No. 9.—A lazy, dirty Southern negro; would not work. Said she would hire somebody to breathe for her if she could. On hot days she hired an Irishwoman to do her ironing, while she went to bed. Three months.

No. 10.—German; neat and willing; could not cook, wash or iron, but wanted full wages all the same. Kept her a year, until I went travelling. On my return I tried No. 2 again, but in eight days she went on a spree, and again I was relegated to the tender mercies of an intelligence office.

No. 11.—Irish; paid her $10 a month, while she carried off $20 worth of provisions a week. Discharged her for stealing.

I now have No. 10 again. She lies abominably, steals all my note paper, perfumery and the loose change in my dress pockets, but I would rather keep her than fly to other evils that I know not of. I do not have lounges in my kitchen—I wish them in my other rooms—nor do I have books for my servants' use. I have not the talent to select the literature adapted to the average intellect of such superior beings. But I have a nice kitchen and chamber for my girls; pay them $10 per month, and have a family consisting of my husband and two children, and am unable to dispense with "help."

THE LAST ACT.

The facts concerning the last act of the great and splendid episode of modern French history known as the Second Empire—*i.e.*, those connected with the flight of the Empress from her ungrateful country—are so little known to the general public, and are so extraordinary dramatic and romantic, that a few words descriptive of them from the pen of one of the principal actors can hardly fail to be both interesting and instructive. The infamous treachery of General Trochu is too well-known for it to be necessary to do more than briefly recall that he solemnly addressed these words to the Regent:—"Your Majesty, must not doubt in any way my devotion and loyalty. I am trebly bound to your Majesty, for I am a soldier, a Catholic, and a Breton;" and that within forty-eight hours after having made this wholly uncalled for declaration he basely perjured himself and betrayed his Imperial mistress. When on that terrible 4th September, the vile mob forced its way into the Palais Bourbon and quelled legal opposition by tumult, it became evident to the Ministers of the Crown that all was lost, and that the next thing was to insure the personal safety of the Empress. The Minister of the Interior jumped into a cab and dashed off to the Tuileries, where he found Messrs. Jerome David and Busson Billault doing their best to induce the Empress to leave Paris. "Madame," said M. Chevreau, "the Revolution is carrying all before it; all is over." Pietri, the faithful Pietri, was sent for at once. Besides the two Ministers we have named, there were in the ante chamber leading to the Empress's apartments, about thirty persons. Ere long Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and the Chevalier Nigra, the Italian, arrived. Prince Metternich put his *coupe* at the disposal of the Empress in case her Majesty should have need of it. At two the Princess Clothilde came to say good-bye to her cousin—she was leaving Paris the following day. From time to time the gallant General Mellinet came to ask his Imperial mistress if it were not best to repel by force the mob that was already surging at the very gates of the Palace. The Empress expressly forbade any violence to be used. At half past three Mr. Pietri opened the door and said in a low, earnest voice, "Madame, you have only just time." "Make haste, madame, make haste," exclaimed at the same moment Prince Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra, who had been watching the movements of the mob below from the window. The Empress went hurriedly into her bedroom, put on a brown waterproof cloak, a round travelling hat covered with a veil of the same color, took a green parasol, began to collect in great haste all the miniatures of the Emperor, of her son, of her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe, and of her neice, and put them into a lapis lazuli box, which, however, in the haste of her flight she was destined to leave behind.

"Make haste, madame, I hear cries; they are mounting the stairs; they are coming!" cried M. Nigra. Prince Metternich went boldly into the bedroom and took the Empress by the arm.

"Madame, where are you going?" asked M. Chevreau.

"Metternich will tell you," replied the Empress. Then coming back as she was leaving the room, she added, "Say good-bye to my good sisters of charity, whom I was forgetting, and take care of the wounded!" Her first thought even in the excitement of this terrible moment was for others.

Everyone had, more or less, lost their presence of mind. The Empress left without taking any money with her, although there were about forty thousand francs in the drawers, and Marshal Vaillant, who had a thought of this, and bringing some rouleaux of gold with him, had, with the greatest difficulty, succeeded in entering the Palace by the gate in the Rue de Rivoli, arrived too late to give them to his Imperial mistress. Galle, Intendant of the Palace, was giving orders right and left, which, such was his state of excitement, were quite incomprehensible; luckily, Trannois, the second Intendant, had kept his *sang froid*. As Prince Metternich's *coupe* was supposed to be stationed in front of the Louvre by the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, it was through the famous picture-galleries that the Imperial party fled. Trannois dashed up to the gate which separates the Cour Napoleon from the Old Louvre, and exclaimed excitedly to the janitor, "Quick, quick, open."

"Where is your written order?" asked the guardian.

"Open quickly, I tell you. There is a most vital interest at stake!" Luckily the man did not insist. Further on the key which opened another gate could not be found. At length, however, all the obstacles were overcome and the road was free. All this while the small and last Imperial *corteae* was advancing down the picture-galleries, the Empress walking between Metternich and Nigra; Madame Le Breton (ever faithful), M. Conti, and M. Conneau coming on behind. At one moment the Empress, seeing from the window the mob rushing into the courts of the Palace, stopped short and said,

"See; it is too late, we must stay! It is too late, we cannot pass!" Prince Metternich, however, hurried her on, exclaiming, "We must, madame; we must!" At the top of the Egyptian staircase Her Majesty held out her hand to Messrs. Conti and Conneau, and said sadly, "You had better go no further. Something might happen to you." At last they got out of the Palace and reached the street. Unluckily, Prince Metternich's coachman has stationed the Ambassador's *coupe* on the Quay. The Prince ran to get it; but during his absence, the mob, increasing every moment, threatened to overwhelm the little knot of persons accompaning the Empress. Suddenly a *gamin* balled out, "*Tiens!* There's the Empress!"

"What, little wretch! Do you dare cry '*Vive la Prusse?*'" exclaimed M. Nigra, with wonderful presence of mind. Just at that moment a fiacre passed. The Italian Ambassador made a sign for it to stop, and pushed the Empress and Madame Le Breton into it, whispering, "Get in, madame, get in; we cannot wait for Metternich's brougham." Madame Le Breton gave the first address that came into her head, and the cab rolled away rapidly. The next question was where they were to go? It was necessary to get some money, and obtain a temporary refuge. They went from house to house; all their friends were absent from home. Suddenly a lucky idea struck Madame Le Breton—Dr. Evans, the celebrated dentist, inhabited an hotel in the Avenue Malakoff, and the Empress could reply upon his loyalty and devotion. They drove there without delay, and although the doctor was not at home, took refuge until his return. Two days later a carriage containing Doctor Evans and two ladies both closely veiled, and one apparently old, tottering and infirm, drove up to the Hotel du Casino, a Deauville. The Doctor alighted and engaged rooms for himself and companions, asserting that he was accompanied by an invalid lady, who needed the greatest tranquility and repose. The invalid was apparently too ill to leave her room, and the meals were passed through the half-opened door and taken by the younger lady. It so happened that Sir John Burgoyne's yacht was lying at that time in the Bassin de Deauville, on the very eve of departure for England. A gentleman casually said one afternoon to a lady, after the *table d'hote*:

"You know Sir John Burgoyne very well, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I have tea on board his yacht every day."

"Would you mind asking him, then, if he would be kind enough to take charge of some very valuable jewels belonging to a lady of rank, which I want to send in safety to England?" The lady consented, and Sir John readily promised to take charge of the jewels. When this favorable reply was made known to the gentleman who asked the favor, he hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Since Sir John is so kind I am almost tempted to ask him if he would be willing to take charge of the lady herself, in case she should want to take refuge in England." "I have no doubt he would gladly do so," replied Sir John's friend. "I will ask him to-night." When this second request reached Sir John's ears he began to have some inkling of the truth, especially as the gentleman, who was so anxious about the welfare of this mysterious lady and her jewels, was none other than a Chamberlain of the Empress. Of course he consented to take charge of the lady, and pledged his word, as an English gentleman, that no harm should come to her. This was in the evening, and the yacht was to leave at early dawn. At about midnight a small party, composed of two ladies and two gentlemen, came on board, and one lady, throwing back her veil and revealing in the full moonlight one of the most beautiful faces ever given to mortal, said sadly and sweetly,

"I am the Empress. I put myself under the protection of the British flag and under the care of an English gentleman."

Sir John bowed his knee.

The following morning, when people rose to throng the beach, the yacht was standing boldly out to sea, the Union Jack flying in the wind and shielding one of the noblest-hearted Sovereign ladies this world has ever seen.

Such was the last act of this great drama.

—He stood with his back against the front door of the street car. Every one else had seats, and he had anxiously watched each face for symptoms of getting out for over three miles. It grew wearisome, and he finally shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exclaimed, "For the love of the Lord, have none o' yez ony homes to go to?" Then they all smiled, and the conductor tendered the ridgepole of the rear platform.